
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

MARCH, 1819.

MISS HARRIET CONSTANCE SMITHSON.

EITHER owing to the present constitution of society, or its fixed, and deep-rooted prejudices, there are so few avocations that the fair sex can follow with any hope of advancing themselves, that it is not astonishing so many amiable girls, gifted with every personal endowment, and possessed of every requisite accomplishment, should contend for the palm in almost the only career that is left open to them with any chance of securing to themselves a competency. The stage is, perhaps, of all others, the most exceptionable life a young female can make choice of; its blandishments, its allurements, and temptations, are certainly greater than any other; but so many estimable characters have enrolled their names in that profession, and by the dignity and respectability of their manners and conduct, given so much importance and consequence to that line of life, that they have completely dispelled the mists of ignorance and prejudice, and the Thespian corps are no longer thought or spoken of but with respect and regard. These remarks are peculiarly applicable to the young lady whom we are about to introduce to our readers; and who, we have pleasure in saying, is

no less amiable in her private than in her public character.

Miss HARRIET CONSTANCE SMITHSON is the daughter of Mr. William Joseph Smithson, nearly thirty years manager of the Waterford and Kilkenny circuit. She was born at Ennis, in county Clare, in Ireland, on the 18th of March, 1800; was taken at two years of age by the Rev. Dr. James Barrett, of Ennis, and lived with him till his decease in 1809; when her parents placed her under the care of Mrs. Tounier, at her boarding-school, in Waterford; where she was carefully instructed in every fashionable accomplishment; and continued several years.

From the early part of her life being passed in retirement, and the religious habits she acquired of the pious gentleman who brought her up, Miss Smithson had conceived no partiality for the stage; but when her father, on account of his infirmities, was obliged to give up the company of which he had the management, she turned her thoughts to the best manner of contributing to his support, and that of an invalid sister, and a mother, and finally determined on attempting the stage. It must be confessed, that she could not have made a better choice; for she possesses every requisite; her figure is tall, well-formed, and graceful; her countenance handsome and intelligent; her eyes full of expression and animation; and her whole deportment, easy and fascinating. The ease, grace, and suavity, of her manners; are, however, partly attributable to the society she has been accustomed to; she commenced her theatrical life, so truly amiable and interesting was her conduct, that she excited the notice, and was patronized by Lord and Lady Castle Coote, and many of the nobility and gentry, who courted her society, and gave her every opportunity of acquiring the ease and gentility of polished life, and exercising and displaying the various gifts which nature had so lavishly bestowed on her, and the many accomplishments she had so industriously acquired.

Miss Smithson's friends gave their sanction to her re-

quest; she was in consequence recommended by Lord and Lady Castle Coote to Mr. Jones, the Patentee of the Dublin theatre; and made her first appearance in *Albina Mandeville*, in the *Will*, and her second in *Lady Teazle*, in the *School for Scandal*, at the close of the season, in the year 1814; and in both was well received. At this time, all the principal characters were taken up by Miss O'Neill and Miss Walstein; and the offer of an engagement for second-rate parts was rejected by the advice of her friends; and in making it, the manager gave offence to her many distinguished patrons.

Miss Smithson's success occasioned a variety of offers from different companies; and she at last accepted of an engagement from Mr. Talbot, of the theatres-royal, Belfast, Limerick, and Cork, which is next in repute to the metropolitan company of Ireland. No actress has ever been more successful in Ireland. In the North, she was patronized by Lady Emily Stratton, and several distinguished families; and, while in Mr. Talbot's company, had six benefits in a year, which were always well attended.

By the leave of Mr. Talbot, she performed two seasons, during the summer months, with the Dublin company, then under the management of Mr. W. Farren, in Limerick and Cork; and was much admired in the characters of *Mrs. Haller*, *Cora*, *Yarico*, *Lady Teazle*, and *Lady Contest*.

At the expiration of her engagement with Mr. W. Farren, in 1817, Miss Smithson came to England, accompanied by her mother and sister; and intended to make her first appearance at the Bath theatre; but, owing to an unusually long and dangerous voyage, she did not arrive in time; and therefore availed herself of a recommendation from Lord and Lady Castle Coote to Mr. Elliston, and made her first appearance in this country, at the Birmingham theatre, in the character of *Lady Contest*, in the *Wedding-Day*; and immediately received an

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engagement for the season ; in the course of which, she performed Lady Amaranth, Lady Racket, and others, with great applause.

While in this company, Mr. Dimond, the manager of the Bath theatre, wrote a letter, in which he was pleased to say, " If Miss Smithson were passing through Bath, he should be happy to witness her performance ; and, if successful, to give her a lucrative engagement."

At the end of the season, Miss Smithson attended her mother to town on business, and accidentally met Mr. Knight, who had performed with her at Birmingham, arm-in-arm with Mr. H. Johnston, who, after the usual salutations, proposed, and soon after introduced her to the Sub-Committee at Drury-Lane. The Committee agreed to allow her to perform one character on trial ; and, if she succeeded, they promised to give her an engagement at a future period ; but their arrangements were all completed for that season. Miss Smithson made her first appearance at this theatre on the 20th of January, 1818, in Letitia Hardy, in the Belle's Stratagem ; and such was her success on that and the second night of her performing the same character, that the committee immediately and generously gave her a liberal engagement.

On the first night, Miss Smithson's embarrassment greatly lessened the effect of her performance ; but on the second night, she was more collected ; adapted herself to the various changes of the character with propriety and ease ; and displayed no inconsiderable share of imitative and comic talent. Her voice is very good, but rather distinct than powerful ; and neither wants modulation nor variety. She is naturally graceful in her action ; and free from all affectation.

Thus has this amiable girl, without any other recommendation, in the first instance, than her talents, good conduct, and character, found her way into the two first companies in Ireland, and from thence, into one of the first theatres in the metropolis of England ; where she had

neither friends nor connexions to support her; and relied entirely on her own powers, and the known indulgence of a British audience.

Miss Kelly's parts have been given to Miss Smithson; and it is but due to her to say, that she has been very successful in all of them. The first of these was Ellen, in the **Falls of Clyde**; which she has performed at least thirty nights; Mary, in the **Innkeeper's Daughter**, nearly as often; Diana, in **Rob Roy**; Lady Racket; and Miss Blandford, in **Speed the Plough**.

Ellen, in **The Falls of Clyde**, is the most arduous of Miss Smithson's attempts, because the public had been accustomed to a favourite actress in this part; and it required a pathos and sensibility not usually inherent in a spirited comic actress; she, however, depicted the distress of this plaintive character in genuine traits of feeling, and the tones of her voice thrilled to the heart of the spectator, and imparted all the sensations and horror of her finely imagined situation. On a repetition, she was evidently improved, and all that the most ardent admirer of the drama could wish. It takes a long time to form the style of an actress, even when the bent of her genius is discovered, but the versatility of Miss Smithson's abilities greatly enhance her value, and cannot fail to induce the managers to try the full extent of her powers. In the part of Lady Racket, she was playful, humorous, graceful, and easy, and performed with a finesse quite unusual in so young an actress.—Mary, in **The Maid of the Inn**, is, perhaps, one of her happiest efforts; it is, in several parts, marked by an originality of manner that will hereafter shew itself more decisively. Her recognition of the hat, and the pause of motionless and silent horror which precedes her scream, are touches of nature which produced an irresistible effect on the house.—To Diana, she gave every attraction of which such a character is susceptible; her appeal to Sir Rashleigh was well conceived; and she expressed her feelings with great energy in the marriage scene. Her personation of Miss Blandford was

also remarkably happy; but this part, although a prominent one, is not so difficult as many others.

Miss Smithson is an improving actress; but her extreme timidity prevents the full developement of her powers, and takes from her that firmness and precision which are requisite to an entire self-possession.

This brief review of her principal characters, is as much as we can now give. A wish has been expressed, that her abilities may be tried in youthful tregedy; at present, she has been confined to a small, though arduous range of charaeters, and the extent of her talents is unknown. All that can be said, is, that she has proved herself a most valuable acquisition to the theatre; and, from the concurrent testimony of our best critics, there can be no doubt of her becoming an established favourite with the public.

During the summer vacation, she played at Birmingham, Cheltenham, Buxton, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Newcastle-under-Line; and in all received the universal meed of praise.

Lines addressed to Miss Smithson, received some months ago, are inserted in the Apollonian Wreath, and may, perhaps, on this occasion, be read with interest. ↗

A ROYAL RESOLUTION.

WHEN the rebellion broke out in 1745, the cabinet ministers assembled to take proper measures for the security of the kingdom. While they were sitting, the king (George II.) entered the council-chamber, and requested to know what was the subject of their deliberations, and on being told that they were consulting how to provide for the safety of his majesty's person and government; "Aye, is it so?" replied the monarch, laying his hand upon the hilt of his sword; "my lords and gentlemen, take care of yourselves; but for me, it is my resolution to live and die king of England!"

THE BATTUECAS;
A ROMANCE,

FOUNDED ON A MOST INTERESTING HISTORICAL FACT.

TRANSLATION,

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME LA COMTESSE DE GENLIS.

(*Continued from page 75.*)

We had still Calista's last letter to deliver to Adolphus; that letter, which, in leaving him to believe that she was alive, made him acquainted that he would hear from her no more. After much reflection, Leontine told me, that she was determined to reveal the whole truth to Adolphus. I represented, that it would be acting contrary to Calista's desire. It is true, answered Leontine; but without this discovery, Adolphus will have but an imperfect conception of the courage, sensibility, and heroism, of this celestial creature; he will be ignorant of the everlasting gratitude he owes her. I know I shall revive his sorrow; but the most worthy homage that I can pay to the memory of Calista is to make her known.

Leontine had not power to make this melancholy recital; I therefore undertook to deliver the last letter; and, with every necessary precaution, to acquaint, and unveil the whole to Adolphus. I began by giving him Calista's letter, and telling him, that it had been addressed to me. He was extremely agitated while reading it, and wept bitterly; but had no suspicion of her death; for Calista, from the first moment of her captivity, had taken every precaution, in case she should perish, to prevent her real name being inscribed in any list of proscribed persons. Adolphus gave me the letter, and begged me to read it. I took

the letter in silence, without casting my eyes upon it; and, in a few minutes, said, This letter, which gives you such just concern, is a thousand times more affecting than you have any idea of.—How! and have you read it?—Yes!—And when?—A long time ago.—A long time ago!—Five years ago.—What do you mean?—The date is but six months back.—Yes; the same as all those that you have received; but these dates were anticipated; all these letters were written in 1793. At these words, Adolphus turned pale; and I left off speaking. Great God! cried he, what is it I have a glimpse of!—A dreadful truth; and the most sublime foresight that love, at the sight of death, could ever inspire.—Stop, said Adolphus; you sorely afflict me. Saying these words, his eyes closed, and he fainted away. Lealled his servants, who assisted me in carrying him to his bed. His father, who was informed of what had occurred, ran to him. Adolphus recovered his senses, but it was to abandon himself to the most affecting and violent grief. He wished to know the particulars of this tragic affair, in which Leontine played so generous a part; but he was so much struck with the sublime affection of Calista and her melancholy end, that he could not attend to any thing else. He ordered the casket which contained her letters to be brought; and read them all again in deep affliction: it was like reading them a first time; to him, the meaning of them was as new as it was pathetic. Angel of heaven! cried he; the purest and the most heroic love made thee survive thyself to preserve me from despair! O! innocent victim of the most atrocious barbarity! It was in the expectation of death, a horrid death, thy hand traced these affecting writings! It is from the bosom of the Eternal, that thou hast been speaking to me for so many years! Ah! as long as I live, I must adore the woman who sincerely loved me *beyond the grave*!

In the mean time, Leontine was eagerly waiting in another apartment, till I should give her an account of this conversation. The domestic informed her of Adolphus's fainting fit; and she sincerely participated in his

sorrow. In the middle of the day, I left Adolphus, who, during eight hours, had not once pronounced the name of Leontine. The latter, on seeing me, asked me impatiently, Does he enquire for me?—No; he speaks of no one but the unfortunate Calista; and is wholly absorbed in his sorrow.—It seems to me, that I am not a stranger to him. After having spoken these words in an angry tone, she asked me whether I had not forgotten to tell Adolphus, that she would have sacrificed her life to save Calista. I assured her, that I had not omitted a single particular of conduct so affecting. And what did he say? replied she. I repeat, answered I, that at this moment the unfortunate Calista solely occupies his thoughts. Remember, Leontine, you thought him not sufficiently afflicted; now he knows all, he is in despair, and worthy of your esteem. Leontine replied not: at this moment, the Marquis of Pal-mènè, alarmed at the condition of his son, sent for me. I found Adolphus in a burning fever. A physician was sent for; and, in spite of all the aid of art, he had a long and dangerous illness. In his moments of dilirium, he only spoke of, and saw Calista. As we lodged in the same house, Leontine often went to listen at his door; but she never heard him pronounce any but the name of Calista; and she returned to her own apartment, and burst into tears.

On the twenty-first day of his illness, at night, Adolphus fell into a drowsiness, from which nothing could rouse him, and which was thought mortal. Leontine, who had been watching five nights, impelled by her feelings, entered his chamber for the first time. She drew near his bed, shuddering, and, in broken accents, called him several times. At length, Adolphus started; and, without opening his eyes, said, Divine voice! I hear thee! O Calista! from the height of heaven, thou stretchest out thine arms to me! Yes, I will follow, and meet thee again!—Ah! cried Leontine! mournfully, his soul is already with her's! O! why cannot mine be also united to their's! Saying these words, she fell on her knees at the head of his bed;

her lamentable sighs and heart-rending shrieks struck Adolphus to the soul; he opened his eyes, and looking at Leontine with surprise, said, I see thee then again!—Dost thou know Leontine?—Thou speakest of Leontine! ah! be not afraid of her. No, Calista, no; thou hast no longer a rival. At these words, Leontine, silent and chilled, fixed her eyes, suffused with tears, upon him. Adolphus seized her hand, and pressed it against his breast. I swear, said he, by this beloved hand, which thou didst destine to be mine, I swear to be faithful to my first love. But what a paleness covers thy countenance, bedewed with tears! Ah! thou comest to bid me a last farewell. They want to drag thee to the scaffold; I will defend thee! Barbarians, stop! Pronouncing these words, he arose furiously, in order to rush into the chamber; but, exhausted by this violent agitation, he fell senseless upon the bed. Leontine thought that he was expiring; and feeling herself greatly enfeebled, At least, said she, the tomb will reunite us! and also lost the use of reason.

Yet the vehemence of this scene produced a salutary crisis in Adolphus's disorder which seemed to have revived the principles of life. The next day, the physician announced that he was out of danger. Leontine lost her extreme uneasiness; but was troubled on another account. She shuddered when she recollects that dreadful night on which Adolphus, in his delirium, had pressed her hand to his heart, and sworn to forget, and give up all thoughts of her! She accused him of ingratitude; her pride and feelings were equally wounded. Calista, in the dark recesses of the grave, was become a more formidable rival than ever!

While recovering, Adolphus never troubled himself but once by sending his valet-de-chambre to enquire the health of Leontine, who coldly answered, that she was perfectly well.

As soon as Adolphus could dress himself, he put on deep mourning; and, in a few days after, unexpectedly departed for a small estate that his father had just given him,

ten leagues from Paris. Previous to his departure, he took no leave of Leontine; and she was greatly affected at it. He not only renounces me, said she, but neglects all those attentions which are, at least, due to her who would have immolated herself for him, and all that is dear to him, in every possible way! Does he fear the affection that I have been weak enough to shew for him? This would be an outrage. From the moment there ceases to be a mutual interchange of affection, it is destroyed. But who can better know the influence that friendship alone has over me? How! am I not deserving his esteem? Must I endure his disdain? It is too much. I will forget him in turn; and shall succeed in my endeavours. After all, what has she done for him whose remembrance he idolizes with so much enthusiasm? Her conception was doubtless ingenious; but that is all. But I, for the salvation of my friends, promised my hand to a man whom I hated! I voluntarily remained alone at Paris during the frightful reign of terror; and offered my life to save that of the object whom he regrets with such violent despair! It is true, we had not entered into a positive engagement with each other; I made no formal confession; but do I not know that he read my heart? and did I not believe that there was a mutual affection between us? and before he knew all the particulars of my conduct? and yet what behaviour! what coldness and forgetfulness! I must, and will find means to draw myself from this humiliating state.

In this manner, Leontine, struggling with love, pride, and resentment, was consuming with regret, and confusedly forming a thousand extravagant resolutions.

The morning after the departure of Adolphus, a Spanish nobleman of my acquaintance, who had been some months at Paris, and was a passionate admirer of Leontine, wrote to me to solicit her in marriage. This foreigner possessed an immense fortune, and was young and deserving. I shewed his letter to Leontine; for I myself was also very angry with Adolphus. Leontine coldly read the letter, and returning it, said, No, uncle; my duty and inclina-

tion detain me with you ; I will not leave you for elevated rank and large fortune; but find me a worthy Frenchman for a husband whom you approve, and I will marry him without hesitation.—Dear Leontine, replied I, let us not be in haste. I do not comprehend Adolphus's conduct; but you love him still. At these words, her eyes were filled with tears, and in answer, she grasped my hand. I was affected as well as herself at the fatality of so unfortunate an attachment. I will triumph over it, said she; and shall not be ashamed to remember that I loved; the energy and constancy of my passion have betrayed no weakness.

The same evening, as I was going to rest, a parcel was brought me which contained two letters from Adolphus; one for me, and the other for Leontine. Transported with joy, I flew to Leontine's apartment; and gave her Adolphus's letter, which contained what follows—

"I departed without seeing you! But need I speak to you to be understood; and that you should know what is passing in my breast! O! you, who would have given up your life for Calista's! you, dear and generous Leontine! you did not want this note; it will learn you nothing.

"The greatest effort of common friendships is to be mutually able to divine each other's thoughts. We do better, we have but one thought; and, to find your's, I look into my own soul, and am sure of not being deceived! I wished to mourn in sincerity; and to do so with you was impossible. I cannot describe my sorrow. I have lost her, and am not in your presence! We have not been able to collect the revered remains of her whose last wish was divine, and who has transmitted to you her rights and my affection! At least let us honour her memory by a voluntary and profound solitude, and sorrowful tears. In six months, we will see each other again; and never part more."

This letter justified Adolphus, and left Leontine no longer in doubt of being loved; at the same time that she

found, on this occasion, the soul of Adolphus superior to her own, she experienced a sort of vexation which rather cooled her feelings. Our best actions may be pure; but though an exalted self-love be not the motive, it is almost always the result of them. We are very loth to quit a first part, and take a secondary one. Leontine was at once surprised, consoled, and piqued; and time alone could efface these impressions.

After mourning six months, Adolphus returned; his paleness and melancholy affected Leontine; she had so sincere and tender an affection for him, that he lost not his influence over her. At first, nothing was talked of but the unfortunate Calista; but in mingling their tears, they found consolation. At this time, family affairs calling me to Spain, where I had relations, I announced that I should depart in five weeks, and be absent three months. Adolphus then conjured me to ensure his happiness before my departure; and his father joined in his entreaties; but Leontine would not consent. I believe that some resentment at the voluntary absence of Adolphus rather contributed to make her take this resolution. Whatever it was, she declared she would go with me. She added, that I should want her attention in so long a journey; and that nothing in the world would induce her to leave me at such a moment. Adolphus complained sorrowfully. You know the noble empire of duty better than any person, said Leontine, you, dear Adolphus, who, through mere delicacy, passed six months without seeing me; and, on this occasion, added she, I fulfill a duty which is dear to me, and useful to him who is the object of it. Adolphus did not consider this answer as a tacit reproof; for Leontine had been very careful to conceal what she had felt before and at the time of his departure. The confidence of true friendship is without reserve; but in love, there are always secrets that it is impossible to reveal. Adolphus was obliged to submit; and Leontine departed with me. My business, which is ended, prevented my coming sooner to give you an account of Adolphus. Knowing that no female stranger

had dared to surmount the steep rocks which separate this valley from the rest of Spain, Leontine, who is naturally partial to every thing extraordinary, resolved to visit the Battuécas; besides she had a desire to see the friend of whom Adolphus had so often spoken with enthusiasm. We shall depart to-morrow; and I hope you will give me a letter for Adolphus.

The Baron ended his recital here. Ah! said Placid, how happy is Adolphus to be susceptible of loving a second time, if that be really possible! After this reflection, which came from his soul, Placid thanked the baron for his visit, and the affecting recital he had just given him, and returned with him to his cottage. Placid saw Leontine again with fresh interest; he sat down by her side, and asked her some questions about the events of her tempestuous life. Whilst Leontine was answering in detail, Placid, with down-cast eyes, and in great agitation, was not in a state to listen to her. He contemplated her foot and the bottom of her white gown; he was enchanted with the perfume which was exhaled from her clothes; and thought he was in the presence of Donna Bianca again. This illusion, far from restoring him to happiness, at least for some minutes, recalled remembrances which afflicted him. He could not refrain from tears; but they were attributed to Leontine's narrative.

In the evening, Placid took the Baron to the convent of monks, where they both slept. Leontine remained in the cottage with Inés. The next morning, the two strangers took leave of their hosts; and Placid reconducted them to the extremity of the valley. All the young Battuécas left their cottages, and hurried after them in a crowd to see Leontine. They naturally expressed their astonishment and admiration. One of them, whom Placid loved, wishing to approach nearer, Placid gently repulsed him, saying, Go away, do not look at her; there is something magical in their looks. Thou cautionest me too late, answered the young man; the mischief is done. How I pity thee, replied Placid, for it is a complaint which has no cure!

(*To be continued.*)

THE FAIR MANIAC;

A TRUE STORY.

THAT state of society is not congenial with happiness which can induce the father to sacrifice the peace of his son to the sordid ambition of a wealthy connexion, nor listen to the dictates of nature, but improvidently prefer a glittering exterior to the impulse of virtue and the pleadings of humanity: this infatuation will not yield to the force of sentiment so much as to the institutions of civil society; for, so long as marriage is decryed as a bar to liberty, and so many checks are thrown in the way of an early and virtuous attachment, so long will misery, vice, and all the other evils of a dissolute age, prevail. The following interesting facts will best explain the propriety of these remarks; and the result holds out a fatal example of the weakness or wickedness of the one, and the unexampled virtue and the unwary credulity of the other.

The unfortunate Antoinette Stella was the daughter of Count de Valdbrutch, who, depressed by misfortune, secluded himself from the world, and retired to his only remaining patrimony, a small estate a few leagues from Marbourg. Here, like a philosopher, he determined to pass his life as a peasant, and devote his time to the education of his daughter; the restlessness of human nature, however, prevented him from enjoying long this state of tranquillity; a war roused him; and he offered his services to the King of Prussia: his misfortunes only ended with his life, to which a period was put at the battle of Lowositz. He had placed his daughter under the care of a benevolent clergyman of Biereg, to whom he wrote, a short time before his death, respecting his affairs, and appointed him and a magistrate of Marbourg, her guar-

dians. Stella had passed twelve years of her life as her father had prescribed, when her aunt, the sister of her father, who had been in France, returned to her native place, and took her under her protection. Mademoiselle de Valdbrutch was not rich, yet her circumstances placed her above a state of dependence. She gave her niece, however, an accomplished education; and her pains were amply compensated by the success of her pupil, who, to a genteel address, added a sweet disposition, and an excellent understanding.

Some business that Mademoiselle Valdbrutch had occasionally to transact, brought her acquainted with the Baron de Lisfield, Burgrave of Minden, which gave rise to a considerable intimacy between them. The Burgrave had a son, a most agreeable and accomplished young man, who conceived a violent passion for Stella, and she was not insensible to his regard. Her aunt soon perceived it; and dissuaded her from encouraging him, and shewed her the inconveniences, particularly on this occasion, in following too easily the dictates of her heart. Young Lisfield had but a small fortune, which was dependent on his father; but Stella had none at all. The ambition of his father forbade his son to think of her, or even to see her. Stella and Lisfield saw each other but seldom, but their attachment increased. Lisfield, whose sentiments had not changed since the injunctions of his father, had insinuated himself into the friendship of her aunt, and by that means afforded him opportunities of visiting her. But an event happened which, though it gave Stella an acquisition of fortune, deprived her of her aunt. Alone, in the bloom of youth, without friends and without relations, and her heart occupied with a passion which her reason disapproved of, she viewed this world as a cheerless blank. Lisfield, who had seen her aunt during her last illness, took occasion to declare solemnly that he should always love her niece, and that no inducements should compel him to alter his affection, or to transfer it to another wo-

man. Stella, who was listening with tears in her eyes, acknowledged that she returned his regard, and they both received her prayers and benedictions ere she died.

Stella now retired to her former habitation at Biereg; under the hospitable roof of her clerical guardian; and, though she had repeatedly indubitable proofs of the continued affection of her lover, she had too much prudence, and too great a regard for his happiness and independence, to listen to his solicitations, in direct contradiction to the will of his father. It was not till several years afterwards, when Lisfield was urged to accept the offers of a rich heiress, and seeing no prospect of an alteration in his circumstances, that he determined to enter into the army, not only to avoid his father's importunities, but also to improve his fortune. With this view, he engaged in the service of the Prince of Hesse, and soon after went to America, under the command of an English general. This resolution was entered into without the knowledge of Stella; and when she heard of it, though affected with the intelligence, she did not endeavour to dissuade him, as she considered his motives were laudable. The idea of a separation to such a distance, and exposed to so many dangers, filled her with the most dreadful apprehensions; but, without being overcome by the poignancy of her regret, she sustained a degree of firmness in their last interview that astonished him, and added ardour to his inclinations, to obtain her as a reward when the perils of war were over. The clergyman, under whose roof she resided, had been always present, at her request, at their conversations. He was so at their final parting. Lisfield, in the transport of his tenderness, took a Bible, which lay open in the room, and falling on his knees before Stella, took her hands, and put them on the sacred volume, and vowed before heaven to love no other woman on earth, and entreated her to approve his protestation. "Yes, Lisfield," she replied, "I know your worth; I do, and will ever love you, and none else shall have my regard." The minister, struck with the presence of the Bible, at Lisfield's

request, offered up his prayers for their happy union. Thus they parted, vowing the firmest constancy to each other.

The parting of Lisfield from his mistress was long remembered with regret. In all his letters, he continued to profess his unaltered attachment. He was present at the battle of Trenton, and was wounded in the face; and in writing to her of that event, he says, "Alas! perhaps you will not know me again! The fatigue of the war and my wounds will have changed me; and you, adorable Stella, will you not be so too? will not an absence of two years be fatal to my happiness? If I ought not to dread it from your heart, may I hope it from your situation? Can you support it, and preserve it during so long an absence? Tell me what I am to expect; and let your sentiments decide, whether I ought to seek for death, or have the hopes at my return of putting my fortune and my life at your feet. Nothing can ever make me love any one but you. I have sworn it, and swear it again." This was the last letter that Stella ever received; and, though she repeatedly wrote, no answer ever reached her. She had now considered herself as betrothed to Lisfield, and the idea of his death, which his long silence occasioned, filled her with a continued dread. Two years was she tortured with this suspense, and accident only informed her that he was alive,—but a prisoner, and wounded. An old soldier, maimed, feeble, and in rags, whom she met one day in her walks, informed her of the melancholy event, and that he was present when he was taken prisoner, but that he believed he at that time should be coming to Europe along with a convoy of wounded soldiers. Lisfield, wounded and sick in America, was an excruciating idea that she could not support, and she determined to convert her effects into money, and go to England; there to wait till his arrival. She wished to receive him in her arms; and, as she considered herself his wife, she would communicate all the relief and consolation of which he would probably stand in need.

Arrived at Portsmouth, she took a residence near the

sea, that she might be present on his arrival. Day after day she wandered on the beach, and hour after hour, she wearied her eyes, bedewed with tears, in the vain expectation of seeing him. She was observed at the same spot ere it was light, and watched each motion of the waves until the setting sun: her haunted imagination presented him mangled with wounds, and the smallest gust of wind seemed to threaten her with an eternal separation. Did a ship enter into port, her eager steps led her to the spot; and many an enquiry was followed with an insolent rebuff. After eight months spent in this anxious manner, a ship arrived, bringing her the melancholy pleasure, "that some Hessian officers, who were wounded, were on their passage." Her impatience increased daily. A vessel at length arrived, reported to have Hessian troops on board. She kept at some distance for fear of giving too great a shock to Lisfield's feelings, should he be among them. He was landed with others. She fainted, and he was conveyed she knew not where. Having recovered, and going to the different inns, she found him at last. The master of the inn informed her he was very ill, and she begged, that her being in England might be gradually imparted to him. When she entered the room, he burst into a flood of tears. A lady was supporting him in her arms! What words, what painter, could represent the tragedy that followed! He had married in America, and this lady was his wife!—He entreated "pardon,"—was past reproach, for in a few minutes, he sunk into the arms of death.—The distracted Stella rushed from the room; and leaving her clothes, her money, and every thing, she wandered she knew not whither, vowing, "that she would never enter house more, or trust to men." She stopped at last near Bristol, and begged the refreshment of a little milk. There was something so attractive in her appearance, that she immediately procured what she asked for. Young—extremely beautiful—her manners graceful and elegant—alone—a stranger—and in extreme distress,—she only asked for a little milk, but uttered no complaint, and

used no art to excite compassion. Her dress and accent bore visible marks of a foreigner of superior birth. All the day, she was seen wandering in search of a place to lay her wretched head; she scooped towards night a lodging for herself in an old out-house filled with nothing but rubbish. The novelty of the circumstance attracted the notice of the surrounding country. They entreated her to come into a more comfortable lodging, but in vain. Neither prayers nor menaces could induce her to move. "Trouble and misery," she replied, "dwell in houses; and there is no happiness but in liberty and fresh air." She would accept of no food, except bread and milk, and that only from the hands of females! On the men, she looked with anger and disdain; but sweetly smiled, when any present was offered her from the other sex. She was evidently insane. She was removed to a mad-house; but, on the first opportunity, made her escape. Her rapture was inexpressible on finding herself at liberty; and she returned again to her former miserable lodging. Four years did the forlorn Stella wander about in this desolate manner, without the comfort of a bed, or the protection of a hospitable roof, till at last she was conveyed to Guy's Hospital, where she soon afterwards died.

MARSHAL SAXE.

THIS gallant officer, a few weeks after the brilliant campaign of 1746, used to drive out in the environs of Paris, without any friend, or even attendant. On his return, one day, the coachman stopt as usual at one of the city gates, for the inspection of the gate-keeper, "*N'avez-vous rien à déclarer, Monsieur?*" Before the Marshal could reply, the officer, instantly recognizing his person, said, "*Excusez, Monsieur, laurels pay no duty.*"

ANECDOTES OF CELEBRATED WOMEN

OF THE

Present Century.

GEORGES AND DUCHESNOIS.

THE principal heroines of the Theatre Fran^cois are Mademoiselle Georges and Mademoiselle Duchesnois. These ladies contest with each other the empire of the stage in their walk; and their pretensions are so equally balanced, that it is difficult to decide between them. Duchesnois is compared to Duclos and Clairon, and Georges to Le Couvreur, the three most celebrated of the French actresses in the time of the monarchy. Mademoiselle Georges is tall and graceful, and has a head of the true Grecian model. Her countenance is at the same time exceedingly fine. Nature has been far less bountiful to her rival, whose stature is low, and whose face is revoltingly ugly. She is said, indeed, amply to supply these defects by the superior force with which she conceives her part, and the more overpowering energy with which she declaims. As a compensation, also, for the harshness of her voice, her intonations are uncommonly judicious, and studied with unremitting care.

Much pathos is ascribed to the acting of Mademoiselle Georges, and her declamation is too drawling and *tearful* (*larmoyante*) to use the idiom of her critics. Both the French actresses transgress all bounds in the violence of their gesticulation, rant, and the variation of their tones, where they think it necessary to display strong feeling, or great animation. This is the general vice, not only of the tragic actors of Paris, but of all public speakers in France. To the apprehension of an Englishman, they do

not wax warm by sufficiently slow degrees, for a due correspondence of emotion on the part of the auditor, and then go much beyond his utmost pitch.

At one time, the competition of Georges and Duchesnois had divided the French metropolis into two parties scarcely less violently inflamed against each other, than the factions of the Circus, which distracted Constantinople in the reign of the Emperor Justinian, under the denomination of *Greens* and *Blues*. It was hazardous for a stranger to express an opinion on the merit of either of these actresses, in the pit of the Theatre Français, or, in fact, in any other theatre of the capital. In several instances, the disputes on this subject became so general, and assumed so serious an aspect, that it was found necessary to claim the interference of the guard stationed at the doors. The feuds began with the stage heroines themselves, and extended to the *décrotteurs*, or shoe-blacks, who took an interest in the question of their supremacy little less profound than that of the professed critics. All the gazettes and journals were enlisted on one side or the other, and waged the most acrimonious hostilities. Nothing of this kind is known in this country; Mrs. Siddons was deservedly extolled to the skies; but her abilities were so transcendent, that no one came in competition with her. Miss O'Neill is at this moment greatly extolled; and though several have attracted public notice, she bears the palm.

A temporary reconciliation was at last effected between the two rival queens in person. They were prevailed upon to consent to act in the same piece, a proceeding which they had before studiously avoided; and the "Horace" of Corneille was chosen for the occasion. While the fair competitors were labouring to extort the suffrage of the majority by the most violent efforts imaginable, their separate adherents seemed to be endeavouring to outvie each other in mutual condescension, by bestowing indiscriminately upon both favourites, plaudits without end or measure. At the termination of the play, the "tragic Duchesnois," and "inimitable Georges," were summoned

to appear before the audience in the usual manner, to receive an individual tribute of admiration. Immediately after this ceremony, they shewed themselves arm in arm in a side box, and were no sooner descried by the pit, than a new chorus of plaudits burst forth, and continued until the lungs and ears of the enthusiasts themselves could bear no more

EVILS OF FORTUNE-TELLING.

PREDICTIONS often procure their own fulfillment, and thus occasion the very evils most apprehended; in confirmation of which we shall relate a fact:—A lady had been married some years, had three little girls, and was near her confinement a fourth time, when her husband, being absent on business, wrote to request she would search his bureau for a paper of some consequence; in doing which she found another inclosed, “Minutes of my fortune, told me in the year 1789,” which was seven years prior to her marriage.—Curiosity prompted her to open it, when she found as follows:—“E. D. tells me that I am to marry in seven years a lady with blue eyes, fair complexion, and light hair, with whom I am to live very happily; that I shall have three daughters; that in giving birth to a boy, the fourth child, my wife shall die.” This paper fell into the lady’s hands but a few days before she was confined, and caused a depression which she could not throw off; but when the sex of the child was known, the strange coincidence of the three girls, and a boy being as predicted the fourth child, so entirely seized her imagination, that in three days she lost her intellects, and in less than three weeks (during the whole of which time she was completely deranged) she expired.

ANNALS OF FEMALE FASHION;**IN WHICH****EVERY ANCIENT AND MODERN MODE****IS CAREFULLY TRACED FROM THE EARLIEST AGES TO THE
BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.***(Continued from page 92.)*

WE are told by Herodotus, that the common dress of the fair Egyptians consisted, in ancient times, of only one garment, which was called a *calasiris*; its colour was usually white; it was composed of either linen or woollen, was made to descend to the feet, and had always long, loose sleeves, which entirely concealed the shape of the arm. The bottom of the skirt was adorned either with fringe or embroidery, or sometimes with a mixture of both.

An old Greek author has characterized woman as an animal that delights in finery; and, it must be confessed, that our sex, even in these early ages, afforded some grounds for such an assertion; for, notwithstanding the simple form of the dress adopted by Egyptian *belles* of rank, it was often more expensive than the birth-day suit of a modern beauty; its usual texture, when worn by the rich, was fine linen, the price of which was, in those days, enormous; it was also profusely adorned by ornaments of silver and gold, as well as embroidery. When, as was sometimes the case, the *pectoral*, or covering for the neck, (which, by the bye, exceedingly resembled what we call a pelerine) was worn with it, its magnificence must have been striking, for the *pectoral* was in general so covered with jewels and embroidery, that scarcely any thing of its fabric could be discovered.

Thus the bosoms, at least, of the Egyptians were completely shielded from the eye; but, without wishing to

throw any aspersion either on their modesty or taste, we may fairly conclude that a light linen garment could not have been the most decent covering in the world, and that its effect in displaying the contour of the figure was similar to the transparent drapery and invisible petticoats, which have recently exposed our fair moderns to the severe animadversions of splenetic husbands and crabbed bachelors.

The head seems to have been, from the earliest days, the chosen care of the fair. Even the Egyptian lady, whose garment never varied, changed her head-dress almost as often as a modern *belle*. At one time, she decorated her head with flowers, at another with feathers, and not unfrequently a coronet, or diadem, composed of shells, formed a head-dress which might have been becoming, if the hair was properly arranged; but, alas! what could flowers, feathers, or shells, do towards ornamenting a bald-headed lady; and according to a precept of their religion, they were obliged to shave their heads, nor did they ever dare to appear with the smallest vestige of hair. Thus an Egyptian *belle*, when in *grand costume*, must have made a truly ridiculous figure; but it was the fashion, and they were not less tenacious of following the mode than the *élégantes* of the present day.

There is little trace remaining of the habits assumed by most of the African nations; all that can be ascertained with tolerable certainty, is, that they consisted of stuffs of the lightest texture, and were made long, loose, and flowing; the wearers indeed seemed to have little notion of any other use of dress, than for those purposes which decency dictates.

I must observe, that the garments of the Abyssinians deserved to be noticed for their singularity; they often consisted of a mantle of hair, the growth of their own heads, which they cut off, and very providentially wove into clothing; but as nature had not been equally bountiful of a supply of hair to each, those who could not manufacture

this kind of garment for themselves were obliged to be content with a mantle of lion's, or leopard's skin.

Having thus taken a cursory glance at the apparel of Afric's glowing dames, let us return to the fair daughters of Israel, who copied, in some degree, the dress of their proud oppressors, the Egyptians; they also wore the *calasiros*; but not considering it as a sufficient covering in itself, they used it merely as an under garment, over which they wore a tunic, or, as Josephus calls it, a *chetonene*. This was a very graceful dress, and deserves to be recorded as the first train that ever was introduced. There were different descriptions of *tunics*; some only reached to the ankle, while others swept the ground, but each was alike easy and flowing, falling round the figure in graceful folds, and displaying the symmetry of the arm by a tight sleeve, which was made exactly to fit it.

In the article of trimmings, the Jewish dames might have vied with the *marchandes des modes* of the present day; it is true, their materials were not quite so various; precious stones, fringe, embroidery, and gold and silver ornaments, constituted their whole stock; and all these ornaments were sometimes mingled in the splendid trimming which decorated the bottom of the tunic.

Splendid! methinks I hear a modern *belle* exclaim; why what abominable tawdry figures they must have been, if they loaded their dresses with so many different sorts of ornaments. Softly, fair lady! what was there more ridiculous in a Jewish fashionable having her tunic trimmed with a many coloured fringe, surmounted by embroidery, and finished perhaps by ornaments of gold or precious stones, than in the habit with which a French *merveilleuse*, intent on astonishing her acquaintance, sometimes appears in public? Is not a mixture of green, brown, blue, yellow, and purple roses, with which we have seen their robes trimmed, infinitely more tawdry and absurd! I am confident, that every lady, possessed of genuine taste in dress, will answer in the affirmative.

But to return to what one may term the *home costume* of the daughters of Judah. They certainly exhibited no small share of taste in the manner of dressing their heads. Unlike the bald-headed beauties of Egypt, they took pride in the luxuriance of their tresses, which were sometimes partially concealed by kerchiefs and turbans; at others, gracefully interwoven with ribands, strings of pearl, and small cords of gold. The hind hair was fastened with bodkins of the same costly material. When a lady appeared in full dress, these bodkins were richly set with jewels, and a *tiara*, which sparkled with gems, was added to her other ornaments.

That fashion with them, though not so transient as in modern times, was yet of a changeable nature, may be conjectured, since we find that they adopted trowsers of fine cotton of various colours, and richly embroidered in gold and silver; and that this piece of finery might not be hidden, they shortened their tunics sufficiently to make a copious display of it.

It appears, however, that they had not such *liberal ideas* as our modern fair ones, for when they went abroad, they enveloped their figures in loose mantles composed either of purple or scarlet, which completely concealed the whole of the under dress. The head-dress worn with the mantle was a bonnet of a conical form, which we find mentioned in the scriptures by the name of *head-tye*. Over it was thrown a veil, sometimes composed of linen or cotton, richly embroidered; at others, of fine white silk gauze nearly transparent, through which the glowing beauties of J^{udah}'s lovely daughters shone with softened lustre.

And now I have only to descend from the head to the feet in order to present to my fair readers the whole attire of a Jewish *élégante*. The feet were clothed with a magnificence suitable to the other parts of the dress. The sandal, as I must call it, for I cannot trace its original appellation, was a sole fastened on the foot with azure straps, which often shone with gold or embroidery.

The fair fashionables of the present day are often reproached by the other sex with having left off their pockets, and I have myself heard an old bachelor once harangue for an hour together on the absurdity and inconvenience of what he called this new-fangled custom. How did I triumph in his confusion, when, after I had suffered him to pour out a torrent of invective, I completely silenced him, by proving, to the entire satisfaction of the female part of the company, that the *ridicule*, so far from being a modern invention, boasts in reality a very ancient origin; for it may be traced even before Solomon's time to the wardrobe of the Jewish lady, who, instead of pockets, made use of a richly embroidered bag, which differs from the modern *ridicule* in nothing but the name, it being called a *scrip*.

When a modish lady is reproached by an ill-bred husband, as will sometimes be the case, for the length of her tradespeople's bills, she will do well to present to him a catalogue of the ornaments worn by the Jewish ladies, in comparison of which, the utmost extravagance of the moderns is economy. Nose-rings, ear-rings, bracelets, armlets, anklelets, girdles, fillets, necklaces, chains, rings, and a long *et cetera* which cannot be rendered into our language; but one ornament deserves particular notice, because it was an indispensable appendage to the dress of a woman of quality; this was a scent-box, which seems to have been worn as a locket; it was filled with perfumes, which exhaled from small holes, with which it was perforated; this trinket was always of gold enriched with precious stones.

Till this moment I have forgotten to speak of an article of dress worthy of the most honourable mention, because it has been celebrated in the strains of our finest poets; and even the Goddess of Beauty was supposed to owe her most irresistible fascinations to it. I mean the girdle, or cestus. The girdle of the Jewish lady was always costly in proportion to her rank; and she wore it clasped in the Grecian style, immediately under her bosom.

Before I close my description of the Jewish costume, I must mention one of their ornaments which I have several times vainly tried to bring into fashion, and which I would recommend to the serious consideration of any leader of the ton into whose hands this Chronicle of Costumes may fall. The ornament I allude to, was worn either as a fillet, or a bracelet; it was a scroll, on which a short sentence from the law of Moses was always embroidered. What useful admonitions might scrolls, upon a similar plan, convey to the beauties of the present day. If a precept of morality, or an impressive warning to avoid particular vices, was thus used, who can calculate on the reformations they might sometimes produce. The female gamester, for instance, as with tremulous eagerness she was about to deal the cards, might be awakened to the folly, not to say guilt, of her conduct, by an accidental glance at her bracelet. A fondness for admiration might be suddenly and successfully checked by perceiving the finely formed head, to decorate which so much previous pains had been bestowed, encircled by a fillet with an appropriate motto. But I perceive that I am running into a digression, which I must hasten to conclude, by passing from the toilet of the Jewish fair to that of the Roman dame of quality.

(*To be continued.*)

A LUDICROUS CIRCUMSTANCE

OCCURRED a few years ago in the Castle-yard, Dublin. A farmer, some time previous, had purchased a horse of an old trooper, which was worn out in the Castle duty; the beast being quiet, the farmer mounted his daughter on it, and sent her to town with milk—she unluckily arrived at the Exchange at the time of relieving guard; the horse, hearing the music to which he had long been accustomed, became ungovernable by her, and trotting, snuffing, and snorting, as he went into the castle-yard, carried his rider and her pails into the midst of the ranks, to the no small amusement of all present.

RANDOLPH MACKINNON;**A Highland Story.**

WRITTEN BY LUCY WATKINS.

(Continued from page 102.)

MUSING, the unhappy chief pursued his solitary way, but when his eye sullenly surveyed the lowly cottage, now his only abode, he exclaimed aloud, "Is such the dwelling of Montieth?" "Troth, and it is," replied old Bridget, who, like M'Gilloch, would not forsake the chief. "Nay, glowr an' ye wu'l," said she, "'tis sic as bonnie Charley himsel wa'd be glad to ha'." Her remark aroused Montieth from the selfish sorrow he had been indulging; ashamed of the complaint he had uttered, he resolved for the future to subdue his feelings; then turning to Lady Montieth, he promised for her sake to become resigned. "Not for mine alone," she replied, "there is another," and she pointed to Margaret Montieth. He snatched her to his bosom; kissed her blooming cheek; and vowed he would sooner see her the daughter of an exile than the heir of dishonour.

Margaret, by her vivacity, banished the sorrows of her parents; and as they formed her mind to bear with poverty, they rejoiced to behold that mind elevate itself; delighted, they heard the noble girl exclaim, "To assume the pride of wealth would ill become the daughter of the ruined Montieth, but to think with equal dignity, she dare; for then the frowns of fortune are unfelt." If to the loss of all he valued in life, could be added a severer pang, 'twas experienced by the chief when he heard his vast possessions were bestowed on his bitterest enemy. "Fate has done her worst," said he, with a despairing smile. Not so,

Montieth, she claimed thy wife, the tender soother of thy sorrows; patient, the uncomplaining victim died, nor told how oft for thee her bosom heaved; how oft thy anguish pierced her heart. But for the soothing voice of friendship, the grief-exhausted mind of Montieth had sunk beneath this heavy affliction. United by sentiment to the family of Donald Stuart, sweet congeniality forged the chains more firmly riveted by mutual esteem; thus, while the steady hand of time wove the soft wreath of social intercourse, its fairest bud flourished in the heart of Margaret and Archibald. With delight Montieth beheld their growing attachment; in Archibald, he joyfully contemplated the future protector of Margaret; their love had received a dying mother's blessing; awhile, with suspensive pause, her spirit lingered; she joined their hands, then gently soared to heaven!

Margaret Montieth, one morning walking by the Loch of Bracadale, was suddenly startled by the appearance of a sheep, which came panting up to her; smiling at her fears on discovering the object, she patted the sheep, exclaiming, "Pretty creature, who could be frightened at you? would you were mine;" then recollecting herself, she said, "go; I will not detain you." The unconscious animal still lingered; and Margaret, yielding to the dominion of fancy, exclaimed, "Fickle creature! would'st thou change thy situation; perhaps thy owner is rich; if so, return; thou wilt fare worse with the daughter of Montieth." So saying, she hastened home. Scarce had the chief welcomed his daughter, when a young peasant, leading the sheep, made toward the cottage. "What means this?" said Montieth, addressing Margaret, who immediately informed him of the incident; then turning to the peasant, he said, "You must explain, why we see you here." "I come," he replied, "to fulfill the wish of him who sent me; he requests you, fair maid, to accept the sheep you admired." With that he was hurrying away. "I pray thee, stop," said Montieth; "take back the present, or tell by whom it is sent." "Know'st thou who I am? Look

at that cap," said the peasant, "it now lies at my feet, but had graced my head in other presence than that of the chief, Montieth." "How know'st thou to compliment?" replied Montieth; "thou art not what thou seemest; nay, wherefore conceal thyself? Is thy name a shame to thee?" "No, by my honour, it is not," returned the youth, redening as he spoke; "it is only a shame to him who gave it me; I am Randolph Mackinnon; and now, with thy leave, will retire. To the sheep, thou art welcome; but if thou refusest, Randolph despairs using the persuasion of a peasant." "By my soul, thou art noble," returned the chief; "and when I declare it grieves me to refuse thee, thou wilt take my meaning." "I do," said Randolph, in a voice strongly marked by emotion. Struggling with his feelings, he bid Montieth "Farewell," who, as he departed, said, "If ever consistently with mine honour, I can serve Mackinnon, my heart shall remind me of this day. Be that sheep the hostage of my promise." Margaret, mortified at the refusal she was compelled to make, felt her gratitude increase toward Randolph; and to Jean she related the occurrence. "He shall find," said she, "I value his intention the same as the gift." Linked in friendship's arm, Jean first beheld Randolph, first smiled on Mackinnon's banished son; when he spoke, she blushed just with such tint as nature decks the rose; the melting pathos of his voice, its persuasive eloquence, its rich and varied tones, its tender and affecting emphasis, powerfully addressed the feelings, and obtained undivided attention. Randolph was tall and graceful; his figure, more interesting than commanding; his features, handsome and expressive; his high and open forehead indicated candour and ingenuousness; a profusion of auburn hair shaded his finely arched brows; sensibility beamed from his deep blue eyes; his pale and thoughtful countenance bore the traces of early disappointment; when betrayed into momentary cheerfulness, his mind as quickly returned to the indulgence of its own painful reflections; his smile, though fascinating, partook not of gaiety; it seemed the effort of a

grateful heart, that, while remembering its sorrows, refused not applause; his dwelling, unlike the lone abode of guilt, seemed the sacred retreat of sorrow; there contemplation performed her pensive rite, indulged the meditative pause, and rescued from oblivion the tender thought; the sweetly attractive spot, its peaceful silence, and picturesque shade, charmed and delighted the beholder. How oft with Archibald and Margaret had Jean wandered beneath its romantic solitude! She believed Randolph to be unfortunate; and thus love, coiled in pity's fold, entered her breast; but when she heard of Randolph's guilt, what grief, what anguish filled her soul! "Oh Randolph! Randolph!" she exclaimed, "why was not your accuser less amiable, less bound by nature to conceal your crime. Though attesting angels should confirm the charge, I'd believe their truth, but doubt the tale." Cease your regret, sweet confiding maid! nor longer ask of your pure heart, Can a father falsely accuse his son? Such as Mackinnon can.

Descended from a race of chieftains illustrious for their achievements, Laird Mackinnon resolved to emulate them in the field: he was bold, resolute, and intrepid; fearless of danger, he, undaunted, withstood the battle's fury; his was the daring courage of ferocity, not the bravery of magnanimity; the mind of Mackinnon, naturally grand, bewildered itself with magnificent ideas of false and shadowy greatness; proud of the distinction of elevated rank, fond of homage, lofty, soaring, and ambitious, he aspired to the pre-eminence of superiority.

Dazzled with the splendour of virtue, and attracted by the praise she received, he speciously assumed her appearance; sanguinary, cruel, and revengeful, he, unpitying, immolated his victim, yet haughtily shrunk from the disgrace of crime. Mackinnon was never cheerful; his melancholy might be considered the sensibility of guilt, that consciousness which ever attends the refined delinquent amid the applause he so meretriciously obtained; the fear of detection constantly tormented, and filled him

with unceasing inquietude. Beauty subdued him, but not to love; he hated the power by which he was vanquished. While the charms of Katharine detained him her captive, she awakened not tenderness in his obdurate bosom; when she confided to the entreating lover the name of his rival, she contemplated not in him the future enemy of Kenneth; when falsely accused by Ellen Campbell, the unfortunate Kenneth suspected not she was instigated by him whose friendly outstretched arm had twice preserved his life. While listening to the fatal eloquence of Mackinnon's betraying voice, the ill-fated Ellen Campbell fell the victim of his seductive arts. When the persuasions of Laird Ruthven obtained for Mackinnon the hand of Katharine, he doubted not the sincerity of him who had nobly replied, "Promote the happiness of Ruthven's daughter." When Mackinnon, feigning a father's joy, clasped the beauteous Katharine to his bosom, and, grateful, thanked her for the gift, who would have thought he could basely blast her virtue. Urged by the damning charge, she fled from the monster; her grief subdued a father's heart; and he yet dared to hope that Ruthven's daughter could not stoop to vice. Anxiously he enquired, why Kenneth, if calumniated, did not wipe off the stain with his sword. "Mackinnon has chosen the hour of absence to asperse his character," returned Katharine. How did the perfidious villain triumph, when, rushing from his daughter, Ruthven's look proclaimed her frail. Kenneth, impelled by that infatuation which attaches the unfortunate to the scene of former happiness, wandered near the castle of Laird Ruthven, unconscious of the additional injury done to his honour. Mackinnon, informed of this by his emissaries, Jamie and Sandy Ross, when the darkness of night favoured his murderous purpose, sought the wandering Kenneth; and, as his bosom throbbed beneath the deadly wound, exclaimed, "Receive from the sword of Ruthven the death you deserve." His words successfully deceived the suffering Kenneth, who, in the horror of the moment, distinguished not the voice of his inveterate foe. Kenneth's accusation

of Laird Ruthven, aided by the false testimony of the Rosses, obtained universal belief; even Katharine suspected not Mackinnon. Distracted, she exclaimed, "Great God! forgive his dear, mistaken hand; reveal not to him my innocence. Oh! rather let him mourn his daughter's guilt, that thus she may blot out this crime." A secret and treacherous message had beguiled the unsuspecting Ruthven far from the safety of his castle; and the destroying hand of Mackinnon sealed by his death his own security. Unrelenting, he viewed the grave of Katharine; and transferred his hatred to her son; yet still his eye beamed with love; yet still the vile dissembler seemed to watch over his youth with genuine affection; thus tranquil passed the life of Randolph, till love and Fraser's daughter raised a care to Mackinnon. He revealed his bosom's secret; he heard, and with approving voice, declared, "Report spoke well of Fraser." One fatal day, he beheld the blooming Maude! enchanted with her beauty, the unprincipled villain preferred his suit; he succeeded, and obtained for his wife fair Maude. Fraser died in blissful ignorance of his daughter's misery. Now Mackinnon, with inventive malice, raised the foul calumny that banished Randolph to Skye's solitude. Douglas, returning from a distant isle, found Maude fast yielding to the life-destroying charge; she, dying, cleared Randolph's honour; then, soaring, proclaimed it in heaven.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MRS. CHAPONE.

MRS. CHAPONE was asked the reason why she always came so early to church. "Because," said she, "it is part of my religion, never to disturb the religion of others."

THE SEVEN LOVERS;

A PERSIAN TALE.

FROM THE TOOTI NAMEH, OR TALES OF THE PARROT.

RENDERED INTO PROSE FROM THE LATE MR. HOPPNER'S PORTUGAL VERSION
OF IT IN HIS ORIENTAL TALES,
BY MR. PITMAN.

THAT tale-writing originated in the East, has long been, without any contradiction, generally acknowledged; from whence, through the medium of Persia, it spread, in the times of the Caliphs, over the Western world, where it was eagerly received, and sedulously cultivated. In useful inventions, Europe must undoubtedly take the lead, but in the productions of fancy, Asia has always been pre-eminent. Pilpay, and other Orientalists, have furnished Boccaccio and his followers with their most amusing fables; and, from the tenth to the fourteenth century, the literature (if it may be so called) of the South of Europe was confined to little else but imitating and embellishing them.—The *Hectopades of Veeshnoo-Jarma*; and the *Tooti Nameh*, or *Tales of the Parrot*, have also furnished an abundance of matter for European Fabulists and Tale-writers, to improve their ideas in these species of composition. In the amusing tales of the latter, the following of the "SEVEN LOVERS," is particularly remarkable for its interest, as well as moral tendency.

Four Musselmen, as sincere in their faith as ever bowed to the shrine of Alla, agreed, in order to obtain an expiation of their sins, on a pilgrimage to Mecca. These four Musselmen were mutual friends, firm in their attachments to each other; the want of one was the want of all; if one was alarmed, the others were strangers to rest;

in short, one soul inspired them, and one purse contained their worldly store. Of these four united friends, the first was a carver; the second, a jeweller; the third, a dervise; and the fourth, a tailor. As they proceeded on their proposed journey, they arrived the first evening in a desert, where bounteous nature never smiled; where no human foot scarce ever trod, save some benighted traveller, or robber prowling for his prey. In this tract of barren solitude and savageness, subject to the attack of monsters, which appalled them with their roar, they very prudently determined to keep watch by turns, during the night, so that three of them at a time could take the advantages of repose in greater safety. The first to whom the lot fell, was the carver; who, lest the seductive god of sleep should stretch over him, as well as his friends, his opiate rod, drew forth the implements of his art, and from a beam of wood which happened to lay near, in every respect appropriate for his intention, he began to carve the figure of a beautiful female; which he completed in a most flattering manner, before the expiration of his watch: this terminated, he roused the jeweller, as next in turn, to keep guard.

The jeweller, when he awaked, was astonished to view such a beautiful figure of a female, unadorned, upon the ground, and emulous to bear a part with his dexterous friend, who, from a log, had, by his art, given form to such exquisite beauty, determined to adorn it with some of the various ornaments of his trade. First, to each arm he bound a band of sparkling rubies; her neck he illumined with gems of various size; in short, he exhausted his store of precious stones, until she appeared one bright blaze of light. Having done this, and two portions of the night being past, he awakened the dervise, who, as it had been previously determined, was to be the third watch.

The dervise, as customary with his pious profession, first addressed his Maker with prayer; but as he raised his eyes to heaven, they were charmed to earth, with chastened rapture, on a form that one even more devout than

himself might inspire. In his zeal to prepare a paradise for such a perfect resemblance of human beauty, with the lowest supplication, he prayed it then might breathe a living female, endowed with every winning grace befitting such a shape, and such captivating features.—His fervent prayer was heard—and first her tongue began to move, her eyes then rolled, her heart beat warm, and, lastly, reason assumed its power, and completely animated this fair form of art. The dervise's prayer thus so perfectly granted, and the time of his watch being expired, the tailor was awakened from his repose to stand guard the remainder of the night. As soon as he perceived a female so divinely fair, standing before him in a state of nature, hung round only with gems, which he considered as incongruities—vain ornaments! and that his own art would be far more preferable, in concealing such charms from vulgar eyes, drew forth his needle, thimble, and silk, and very speedily formed a robe of woof for her, which lightly wantoned in the air, and in each flowing fold, to use poetic language, little laughing cupids played.

By this time, the sun began to chase night's lingering mists, and to shine with uncommon splendour in the east; when the three slumberers arose to join their guarding friend, the tailor, and to pursue their journey to Mecca. But, alas! beauty, which too often weaves a cruel snare to interrupt and divide the firmest friendship, so actuated on these Musselmen, who became each ardent for conquest, and a wife, that the friendship, which, until that mad moment, had strewed the way with many a flower, quickly turned to sharp contention and the severest strife. The carver claimed the prize, as having given, by his skill, so beauteous a form to a worthless log, as it lately lay, bare to the all-scorching beams of the sun, withered by every wind, a lure for dogs, and a perch for crows. The jeweller claimed her, for having adorned her person, and thereby bringing her into admiration. He observed, without the stars, the desert skies would not attract any gazers, and, but for the shining ornaments with which

he had decked the dame, she would still have remained a log as worthless as the carver had described.

"Thus," cried the dervise, "ungrateful men estimate the choicest gifts of heaven! O! impious shame! to set wealth and skill in balance with Almighty power! what is her form? or what the rakkings of Golconda's shore, with which she is so gorgeously bedecked, compared with life, with animation and reason, blessings I humbly sought and obtained in prayer?"

The tailor, fiercely cocking his chin, preferred his claim, by asking, "If a carver's paltry art, or a jeweller's more paltry paste, or even superstition's whining cant, could absurdly rank with the art he practised, which was derived from the earliest time? an art, with bones and buckram tastefully joined, need only to be seen to be admired."

After wrangling a considerable time in this manner, each preferring his pretensions, it was at length mutually agreed to submit their separate claims to the first traveller they met. This happened to be a sturdy Ethiope, to whom each told his plausible tale, each anticipating a verdict in his favour.

The Ethiope beheld the dame with beating heart, and ravished eyes. "O! blessed Alla! heaven is just," he exclaimed; and seized the trembling fair. "Behold my wife! by what foul deception did ye possess my best beloved? Full many a tedious moon hath waned, since I received any tidings of my love! full many an anxious hour I have wandered. O! my dearest! how wert thou betrayed? but, villains, ye shall soon confess before the vizier; your crimes he will punish with torments—torments proportioned to the wrong I have so heavily borne."

As soon as they appeared before the vizier, at his tribunal, the Ethiope told his tale again. Grievous as it may be to think, yet too sadly true it is, that justice is not always quite so blind as represented; for, however truth and falsehood may poise the beam, if passion mounts, it will too frequently turn the scale. Just so was it with the vizier, for, as soon as he viewed so much beauty un-

veiled, his weak virtue was quite subdued. Her living bloom promised sweet draughts of rich delight, which his fond soul anticipating, he artfully raised the voice of woe, exclaiming—"O! wonder not at my seeming astonished, since I behold a brother's widow; an affectionate brother! who was clandestinely slain, and robbed of his gold and jewels, while his wife, who now stands before me, became a prey to lawless, rank desire!—Be assured, your forfeit lives shall soon atone for the loss I shall never cease to lament." So saying, he quitted the judgment-seat, and directed the wretched culprits to be taken before the sultan, who, when they appeared in his presence, attentively listened to the accuser's monstrous tale. The monarch, alike susceptible of beauty, unguarded left his easy heart, which, through his eyes, soon felt a wound. But as love is ever fertile in devices to obtain the object desired—the sultan sternly said—"Ye fiends of fraud, in guilt allied! base lurking slaves with mischief fraught! long your dark haunts I have endeavoured, in vain, to detect.—This fair one, in whom a paradise I found, drew her life's breath in my palace; but, in a fit of jealousy, she contrived to escape from my haram unperceived, and with her took a countless store of sparkling gems.—But fortune hath my slave restored, and, notwithstanding her ingratitude, I love her still. As to ye, who have assisted in her escape, and in purloining my wealth, your crimes shall be expiated by perpetual bondage."

Fame soon proclaimed aloud the event, and as the tale seemed strange, that there should be seven candidates for one poor wife, claimants too of such different kind, and each preferring so plausible a story, as seemed equally entitled to credit, the curious long-eared rabble were left in mortifying doubt and suspence. At length a pir,* all hoar with age, approached the sultan, and first bowing to the royal will, presumed to offer his sage advice, as one deeply

* In Persia, the name of a magician, a prophet, one (supposed to be) endowed with supernatural powers.

read in wisdom's page.—He observed—"Contests which the mind perplex, man was too weak, with certainty, to decide; for having appetites which lure his judgments to a partial end, wild fancy would too frequently direct and urge where lust or rapine leads." He said—"A short day's journey eastward, there grew a tree, whose old and mystic boughs, far in the clouds of heaven were concealed, and never seen by mortal eye, whose seed-root strikes the depths profound; there, what wisdom baffles, or what power defies, truth would immediately solve." This saying, all immediately assented to approach the mystic tree, attended by the passive dame.—There each his story artful tells, and prints it on the listening leaves; then, according to the dictates of their religious tenets, each bowed his forehead in the dust, and supplicated an impartial decision. At that moment, terrific sounds assailed their ears; through the thick gloom, quick lightnings flashed, and the trembling earth appalled each heart.—When from the inmost pith, the trunk opened with a dreadful yawning—then instantly received, and closed upon the bride! while the following divine truth was, in a tremendous voice, heard to issue from a bursting cloud—

"In crooked paths no longer tread,
By truth eternal be ye led;
And, O! this awful lesson learn,
TO THEIR FIRST STATE ALL THINGS RETURN."

HOPPNER.

With anguish and with shame, each claimant smote his guilty breast, kissed the rod, and, as in silent sorrow they homeward bent their way, individually confessed the justness of heaven.

AMANDA—A FRAGMENT.

WHEN woman has lost her honour, though by the villany of man, she is considered by all, capable of every crime!—The scorn and reproach of her own sex; and the contempt

of the other, she too often becomes the reluctant votary of vice; and is compelled from necessity, to live by the wages of prostitution.—The lovely Amanda was born in the lap of luxury.—She had only to desire, and her most extravagant wish was gratified.—The perfumes of the east diffused their fragrance through the splendid apartments of her father—The most costly robes adorned her person; and the treasures of literature enriched her mind. The servile crowd was flattered by her smile; and the glance which distinguished them was their boast, or envy. But mutable are the gifts of fortune. The breath of adversity can humble the most noble and exalted; and the success of an enterprise raise from obscurity the most lowly and unworthy. The father of Amanda confided in a villain. Lured by delusive schemes of tripling his wealth, he lost the whole. His reason fled; and within the walls of an asylum, he breathed his last.—Like summer flies were the friends of Amanda.—They quickly disappeared at the chilling inroad of indigence.—Independent of past favours, her misfortunes might have claimed a tear.—But, alas! save one, their hearts were cold as the stream of winter. He too proved a villain.—He soothed but to beguile; and promised to betray.—He gained his purpose, and abandoned her to the world.—The fastidious prude gloried in her fall—The clandestine adulteress turned from her with affected horror—and now—Amanda is a wanderer of the night!! With the smile of solicitude, she courts the inwardly-loathed embrace of the abandoned drunkard; and yields to his wishes for a small pittance to prolong a wretched existence. Daughters of virtue, “misery is the efficient of charity,”—pity, and avoid the fate of Amanda. Boast not the advantages of birth, of wealth, or beauty, for these are perishable.—But the advantages arising from a well-regulated conduct are lasting, and pleasure founded on wisdom endureth for ever.

Somer's-Town.

W. S—s.

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

FOR FEBRUARY, 1819.

NEVER were the public more deeply interested than in the measures of the present parliament; and we are sorry that our limits compel us to dismiss in few lines what would otherwise occupy as many pages. The strength of the present administration is greatly weakened; there is a strong party in the House, composed of both the other parties, who are determined to effect a great retrenchment in the public expenditure, and the ministry, notwithstanding the bias they have always shewn to the court, must lean to that party, and listen to the voice of the public, or they will lose their seats. So much is the nation involved, and so deeply is every individual interested in the measures that may tend to alleviate the general distress, that the proceedings of the present parliament will be read with an avidity hitherto unknown; and all other considerations will merge in this, till some great change has been wrought. The people may be told of the flourishing state of the country, but there is no reasoning against facts; and until they are made sensible of an alteration for the better, it will be in vain to reason with them. The most important measures yet brought forward are—the reduction of the Windsor establishment, and the appointment of a committee to inquire into the affairs of the Bank of England.

The proposition of the ministry for the reduction of the Windsor establishment, was referred to a Select Committee of the House of Commons on the 4th inst. who made their Report on the same on the 17th inst. the substance of which is, that £50,000. shall be taken from the £100,000. as at present established; so that with the £58,000 to the late Queen, there will ultimately be a saving of £108,000 per

annum. At present, that saving will not amount to much more than £40,000 as the sum of nearly £18,000 will be required for the servants of her late Majesty who are advanced in years. The Report is brief, and differs in nothing from the original proposal, except, that the sum appropriated to the household of the late Queen, is reduced from £25,000 to something less than £18,000; and no mention is made of the £10,000. to the Duke of York as Custos of the Royal Person. This however was the subject of a long debate on the 22d inst. and £10,000 was voted his Royal Highness by no very large majority. As to the propriety of the measure, there can be but one opinion, that even £50,000. per annum, must amply supply the wants of a man who is quite insensible to the pomp and vanity of the world.

On the 2d inst. the Chancellor of the Exchequer moved as an amendment to a motion made by Mr. Tierney, "That a Committee be appointed to inquire into the state of the Bank of England, and other matters connected with the resumption of cash payments, and the expediency of taking off the restrictions; and to report the result, as far as consistent with public interest." which was carried by a large majority. The public may congratulate themselves on the commencement of these proceedings, which may be expected to lead to a most important result.

Among other measures, a Finance Committee has been appointed; and a Committee to consider the state of the Poor Laws.—A Bill has been brought into the House to abolish the system of employing Climbing Boys in sweeping Chimneys.—And a number of petitions have been presented against the renewal of the Insolvent Debtors' Act, the Corn Laws, and undue returns of Members.

A Petition was presented on the 9th inst. by Mr. Wilberforce, from the Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers, which entreated the House to take into its serious consideration, the many laws under which the punishment of death was inflicted. It was read, and ordered to be printed.

The election of a Member for Westminster, in the room of that benevolent man and much lamented patriot Sir Samuel Romilly, commenced on Saturday the 13th inst. when Mr. Hobhouse, Major Cartwright, and the Hon. George Lambe, were put in nomination. The numbers on the 23d inst. were—for Lamb 2268, Hobhouse 2086, Cartwright 37.

The last accounts from South America are unfavourable to the Patriots, their date is previous to the beginning of the new campaign. In a letter from General Morillo, he states, that, "In the province of Cumana, two hard contested actions had been fought on the rivers Caribes and Cariaco, in the last of which, 400 rebels were killed, 500 stand of arms, one cannon, and a pair of colours, taken." The campaign was expected to commence in those provinces in November, the same month as his letter bears date.

From North America, has been received the Report of the Committee on Military Affairs, to whom was referred that part of the President's speech which relates to the proceedings of the Court Martial in the Trial of Arbuthnot and Ambrister. The Committee decidedly disapproves of the proceedings in court-martial as illegal, and deny that there is evidence of a shadow of necessity for the death of these gentlemen. They justly observe, "*Whenever severity is not absolutely necessary, mercy becomes a duty;*" and submit the following resolution, "That the House of Representatives of the United States disapproves the proceedings in the trial and execution of Alexander Arbuthnot and Rob. C. Ambrister." To this Report is appended the Protest of the Minority; the one approves as just what the other disapproves as unjust; and what is still more strange, both have been received, and committed to a Committee of the whole House.

In Spain, an entire regiment, under orders to march to Valencia, broke out into a state of open mutiny, and declared they would not take up arms to enslave their countrymen.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.

THE Trip to Exmouth, a new after-piece (said to be written by Mr. Munden), produced at this theatre on the 3d inst. was received with every mark of approbation; and is likely to be a favourite. This piece abounds in humour and ludicrous incident; most of the songs are pleasing, and several were encored. The audience were kept in a continual roar of laughter. The whole strength of the comic corps was given to the piece; and if it had less claim to patronage, it could hardly have failed. Munden, Knight, Russell, and Mrs. Alsop, did every thing in their power to ensure its success.

A new tragedy entitled Switzerland, was produced at this theatre on Monday the 15th inst. Though the play was proceeded in, the audience many times expressed the most unqualified disapprobation of it; and scarcely any of the fifth act could be heard. Every thing seemed to conspire against it; during the performance, two scenes fell flat upon the stage, and presented a strangely confused spectacle and bustle in the back ground; and some of the principal performers are said to have been indifferent to their characters; but this, perhaps, was more owing to the character itself than to any feeling on their parts. Mr. H. Johnston gave it out for a second representation; when there was a most tumultuous uproar; and the after-piece was interrupted till the manager came forward, and assured the audience that the play should be withdrawn. It is the first dramatic production of Miss Jane Porter, the celebrated Novelist.—The language is elegant and forcible; and that which failed to please in the representation, will be read with pleasure. It is admitted, that the tragedy was ill adapted to the stage; yet some of the daily

prints endeavour to impute its failure to other causes. This is illiberal in the extreme.

MR. KEAN'S HAMLET.

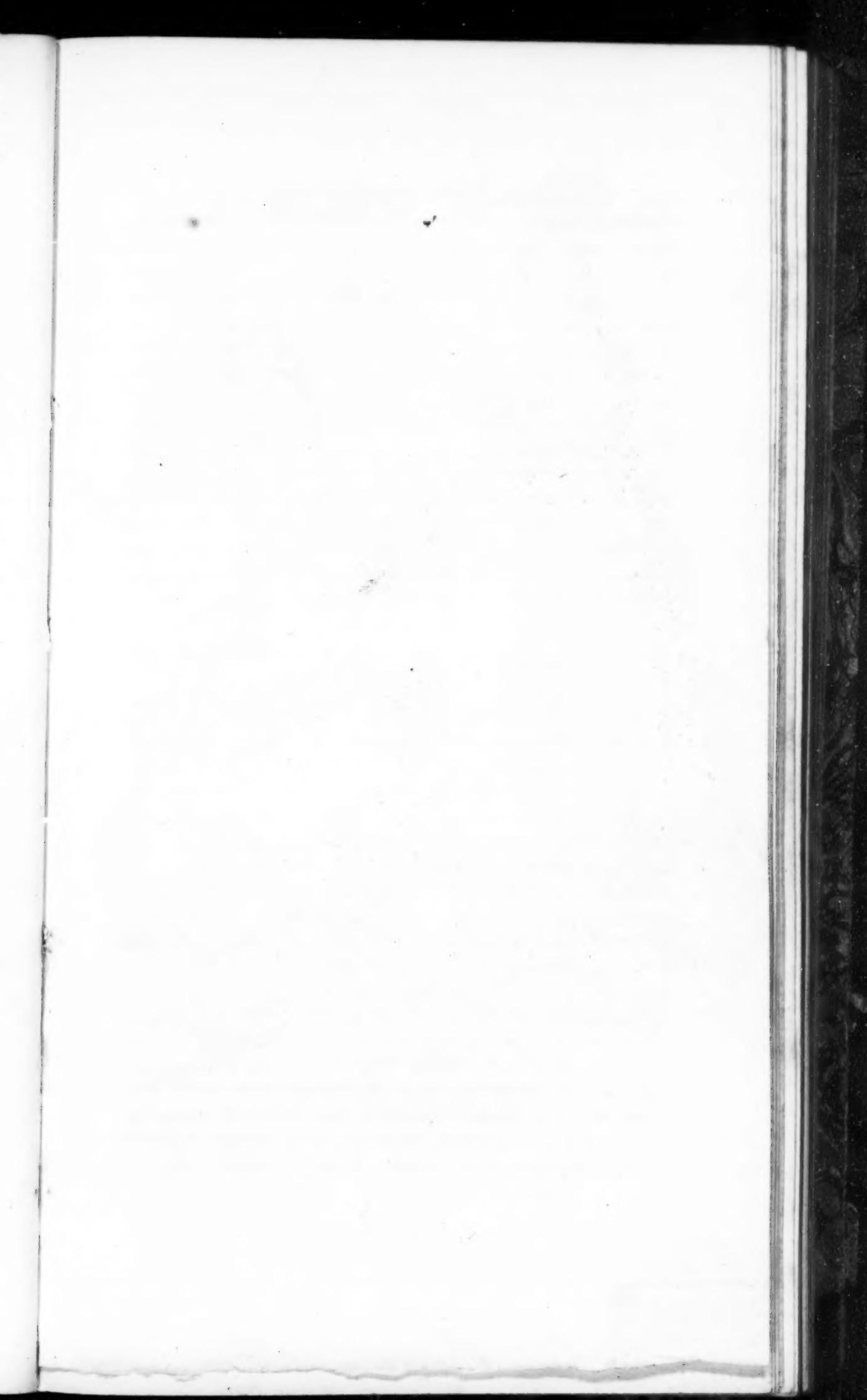
On Wednesday the 7th inst. the tragedy of Hamlet was represented. Mr. Kean's performance of this character is extraordinary: he gives to it a wild and romantic air that we never remember in any other actor; and keeps up the illusion of the scene with so much art, and the action passes with such rapidity, that the mind never flags; and he varies his posture and situation with so much address, that he seems to fill the whole arena; and in the business of the stage, excels any actor we know of. Mr. Kemble's Hamlet was the most finished performance we ever beheld; he united all the requisites of an elegant person, most expressive countenance, and accomplished manners; and a chasteness of style that was always under the controul of his reason; but Mr. Kean gives a charm to it, which, with all the imperfections of his voice and figure, can in no other way be accounted for than by attributing it to his uncommon ardour and enthusiasm for the stage. It has been asserted that Mr. Kean's abilities are confined to few characters; and that he is Richard in all of them; his performance of Hamlet is a proof to the contrary; he has certainly a peculiarity of manner which shews itself in every thing. His pauses, breaks, and disjointed sentences, pronounced with a different intonation, or inflexion, of voice, strike on the ear in all. In some instances these produced a fine effect, but in others they were misapplied. These breaks, however, never failed to produce applause. Scarcely any of the speeches in this play require these abrupt breaks, and transitions of voice; and Mr. K. would do well to discard them altogether. In Richard, in Othello, and in Shylock, they add force to the vehemence of passion, but in the plaintive, melancholy, and philosophic Hamlet, they are not in character. The soliloquies were well delivered; the scenes with the apparition had all the illusion of the finest romance; his as-

sumed madness was admirable; his satirical reproof of the courtiers extremely pointed; but the closet scene disappointed our expectations; the vehemence of his passion was overstrained; his voice became hoarse, discordant, and indistinct, and destroyed the effect; his manner was also too collected on the sudden re-appearance of his father's apparition. The last scene was ably sustained; it was a subject for the hand of a painter. The most faulty parts of his performance were a few of these breaks improperly introduced; a want of pathos in the grave-scene; and a peculiarly *hard* pronunciation of some short passages; yet with all these defects, there is much to admire in him. To enter into a more minute examination of Mr. K.'s performance would be inconsistent with our plan; and occupy more space than we can spare. 

COVENT-GARDEN.

A new tragedy, entitled *Eavadne*, written by Mr. Shiel, an Irish gentleman, author of the *Apostate* and *Bella-mira*, was represented at this theatre on Wednesday the 3d inst. The general character of this play is nearly the same as that of his others; the style is florid, luxuriant, and abounding rather too much in common-place imagery; besides being infected with the too prevalent mania of a German taste. Young, Macready, C. Kemble, and Miss O'Neill, exerted themselves with uncommon effect. The play was well received; and will probably attract for some time.

The *Place-hunters*, produced at this theatre the same evening, is a spirited farce. The principal scene is in the antichamber of the Excise-Office; and contains a good caricature of the surliness of the porters and the importance of the clerks, secretaries, &c. There is one indecorous and objectionable character in it, which ridicules the infirmities of age.





Fashionable Morning & Evening Dresses for March, 1819.

Pub. March 1, 1819, by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION
FOR MARCH, 1819.

MORNING DRESS.

A LEAD-COLOURED lustre gown; the body is made tight to the shape, with a high standing collar; the back is of a moderate breadth, and the fronts are cut byas, which forms the shape in a very becoming manner; the waist is as short as usual. Long sleeve, rather wide, ornamented on the shoulder with satin to correspond with the dress, puffed in the *mancheron* style; the bottom of the sleeve is finished with a puffing of satin, headed with a rich silk cord. The skirt is gored, and more full than they have been lately worn, it is ornamented at the bottom with a satin band cut in straps, and buttoned over at equal distances; this band is surmounted by a row of large leaves, composed of satin; they are laid on full, and the fullness is confined down the middle by rich silk cord; they are scolloped at the sides, and placed lengthwise in a slanting direction. Over the leaves is a row of satin to correspond with that at the bottom. This is a very rich and novel trimming. Head-dress, a white blond *cornette*, the head-piece of which projects a little in the middle of the forehead; it is finished with a full quilling of blond round the face, and tied under the chin with a full bow of pale rose-coloured riband; small low caul, surmounted by a piece of blond, which stands up, and is edged and striped with pipings of rose-coloured satin. Kid shoes to correspond, and lemon-coloured gloves.

EVENING DRESS.

A PLAIN white lace dress over a white satin slip; the *corsage* is white satin; it is cut very low all round the bust, which is finished in a rich style by satin vandykes, edged with silk cord; it fastens behind; is tight to the shape;

and is ornamented at the waist, to correspond with the bust. The skirt is of a moderate length, and rather full; it is trimmed round the bottom with two rows of puffed white satin of a moderate breadth, this is surmounted by two rows of festooned fly trimming, of a pale amber colour; each festoon is ornamented by a silk tassel. Head-dress, a low *toque*, composed entirely of transparent gauze; the front of the *toque* is concealed by a plume of drooping white feathers, which fall over to the right side. White kid gloves, and white satin shoes. Necklace and earrings, pearls, or coloured stones.—These dresses were invented by Mrs. Smith, Burlington-street.

Our fair fashionables have now laid aside their mourning, and appear once more in robes of various hues. The materials for dresses are as rich, as various, and as appropriate to the season as we ever remember them; but the forms of late have not varied much, and it is probable they will not, till next month brings the spring fashions forward. We have, however, endeavoured, besides the elegant novelties given in our prints, to procure some descriptions of dresses, which may be useful to our fair subscribers.

One of these is a walking-dress, composed of plain poplin, of a bright cinnamon colour; the bottom of the skirt is finished with a row of narrow velvet points to correspond with the dress; these points are edged by a pretty light silk gymp, which also corresponds in colour; above the points is a row of shells placed perpendicularly, at regular distances; they are large; are formed of satin, and edged with chenille, and, being disposed in folds, have an uncommonly rich and tasteful effect. The body is made plain, tight to the shape, and richly ornamented round the bust, at the shoulder, and the wrist, with satin, disposed in a zigzag puckering. This forms an elegant morning-dress; but for walking, it is worn with a velvet spencer, made very short in the waist, and tight to the shape; the back is of a moderate breadth, and the shape is marked by two rows of zigzag braiding placed on each side, and interspersed with little tufts of silk; the

front is richly braided across in such a manner as to shew to advantage the shape of the bosom. The sleeves are of an easy fulness, and are surmounted by full satin epaulettes, which stand out on each side, and are festooned in the middle by silk tassels. The spencer buttons nearly up to the throat, and the collar, which stands out at some distance from the neck, is lined with satin. We should observe, that the bottom of the sleeve is ornamented with a rich wave of braiding interspersed with silk tufts. This is the most lady-like walking-dress we have seen for a considerable time.

A ball-dress, made of transparent gauze, of a beautiful pale blue with a small white leaf; the bottom of the skirt is trimmed in a very fanciful style; there are large puffs of white satin let in at regular distances of about half a quarter of a yard between each; these puffs are formed in the shape of palm leaves; they are edged with blond of about an inch in breadth, set on full; a row of pearl, or beads, goes round each puff, so as to hide the tacking of the blond, and gives an elegant finish to the trimming. The body of the slip, which is white satin, is of a decorous height; it is finished round the bust by a row of blond, which is very narrow, is set on full, and stands up. The gauze body is extremely low, it is sloped to a point in the middle of the bust, and is cut down under each breast. The back is sloped down on each side to the waist, it is bound with blue satin, and adorned with pearls. The sleeves are white satin, short and full; they are confined at bottom by the fulness being fluted into a narrow band of about half an inch in breadth; they are finished on the shoulder by a *rouleau* of blue gauze entwined with pearls or beads, which form a small epaulette.

Pelisses are still very much in favour both for promenade and carriage dress. In the former they are made very plain, and in general trimmed with fur. The most elegant for carriage costume are composed of velvet, either plain or figured. We have observed a few made of white Merino cloth, lined with ruby coloured sarsnet, and trimmed all round with a broad band of figured ruby velvet, which was

scolloped on each side. The cuffs, collar, and half sleeves, were ruby velvet. These pelisses, though they have no novelty in their form, are yet very striking and elegant. Beaver hats and bonnets are in considerable request for the promenade, the former are small, turn up a little at the sides, and are generally adorned with a full plume of feathers. In bonnets, the large shape seems again likely to come into fashion, at least they rather predominate over those of more moderate size. Hats, both of velvet, beaver, and silk-*pluche*, are generally worn in carriage dress; some are turned up at the sides, others have a moderate sized brim, which is the same width all round. The crowns both of hats and bonnets continue of a moderate size, and they are adorned either with ribands, or feathers. Fashionable colours are dark green and blue, ruby, lead colour, pale rose colour, and brown.

COSTUMES PARISIENNES.

THE fashionable promenade dresses now are cloth *redingotes*, and white satin pelisses: these are made nearly alike, but the latter are trimmed only with swansdown; the former are adorned with broad bands of furs of different sorts, or of velvet; and those considered most fashionable, have no other trimming than a narrow binding of stout riband, and a double row of buttons down the front, which are put on in a slanting direction. They are made short in the waist, tight to the shape, and have small round pelerines of the same material as the *redingote*. If the trimming is fur, the pelerine is often composed wholly of fur. Ermine, sable, and chinchilla are most in favour for cloth. The muff always corresponds with the trimming, and muffs now are in high estimation.

Levantine and plain sarsnet are both worn in dinner dress, the latter is considered most fashionable. There is nothing novel in the form of gowns. Trimmings consist of gauze, *tulle*, or blond lace, which is worn very narrow. There is but one form for trimmings, and that is a flounce set on in a little wave; these flounces are always narrow, and there are often five or six of them.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

TO MISS SMITHSON.

Oh! favourite of Erin's sea-girt isle,
Whose animated face and speaking eye
Can glad pale Sorrow with a cherub smile,
Or draw from Pity's breast the balmy sigh,—

Whene'er the Muse her lively scenes unfurl,
Or close them as her merry jests subside,
Pleas'd we admire the well-feign'd romping girl,
Or weep with Ellen at The Falls of Clyde.

As various parts affect the feeling heart,
Full well you know that deep distress to paint,
Or bid the comic muse her joy impart,
And laugh a hoyden, or now weep a saint.

Your sylph-like form, by nature's plastic hands,
Harmonious moulded to each mimic part,
An uncontroled sway o'er all commands,
And fascinate each eye, and touch each heart.

Farewell, sweet maid! your virtuous course pursue,
Heaven will on you its choicest gifts bestow,
Send a protector to a heart so true,
And strew your path with roses here below!

AMATOR.

TRIBUTARY STANZAS.

“ Each moment plays
His little weapon in the narrow sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss ! ”

YOUNG.

I CANNOT strike the tuneful shell
With due eulogium of his worth ;
Nor chaunt the hopes that blighted fell
When OSCAR lifeless sunk to earth !

“ Rapt into future times,” I saw
Through Fancy’s bright, but faithless glass,
His ‘witching strains such homage draw
As few might equal—none surpass !

Ah ! who with kinder, softer tone,
Could sound the moralist’s alarm !
Or melt the sceptic’s icy zone
With happier skill, or holier charm !

His was not that vindictive fire,
Which on the bigot’s altar burns,
Nor kindled—vainly to expire,
Like lamps that light sepulchral urns !

But, with benignant warmth endow’d,
He beam’d his generous influence wide,
Rais’d, cheer’d, invigorated, glow’d,
Where virtue droop’d, and sorrow sigh’d.

Where Fraud and Cunning spread their snares,
He pour’d an irresistible ray,
And shew’d the curse Remorse prepares
For those whom Folly lures astray.

Alas! his mortal race is o'er,—
“ ‘Twas bright—’twas heav'nly—but 'tis past!”
And hearts that wooed and watch'd deplore
Its brilliant glories could not last!

26th January, 1819.

C. FEIST.

TO OSCAR IN HEAVEN!

THEY told me thou wert dead—and I did weep
That I no more should feast upon the strain
Of thy wild harp, whose melancholy, deep,
And fitful numbers often charm'd my pain.

They told me thou wert dead—and, Oh! it came
Like a prophetic warning to my heart;
For then I thought me of the fatal flame
Of Genius, and the visionary chart

Life pictures in the morning of our days,
When youth elate anticipates the goal
Of all our enterprise, forestalling praise
To feast eternally the craving soul.

And is it then, methought, for this we wreath
Wild flowers to garland our unconscious urn?
For this alone, we pant, and toil, and breathe,
And wake, and weep, and weeping still—to burn?

No!—while the morning stars hold on their song,
And the chaste moon calls up her evening quire;
While the exultant waters roll along,
Or the sun walks a glorious shield of fire—

No!—while the never-dying winds awake
Eolian harmony on grove, or hill;
While the perennial seasons constant make
An endless circle, ever changing still—

No!—while the lark his morning worship pays,
 And Philomela carols out her woe;
 While tears and sunshine mark man's fleeting days,
 Or Hope's light finger rests upon the bow—

While nature is—the spirit cannot die,
 And, as we form the mind for pleasure here,
 We reap the glorious harvest in the sky,
 Unmingled joy, with hope that knows no fear!

Tifen, spirit, when they whisper thou art dead,
 I'll point their down-cast, sorrowing eyes to heaven,
 And, with exultant shout, cry—" Only fled,
 To be an angel, with his sins forgiven!" LORENZO.

LINES

ON THE GRAVE OF OSCAR.

AH! tune my lyre once more a plaintive lay;
 Let Oscar's name still quiver on thy string,
 Whom death's cold hand untimely snatch'd away,
 When beauty bloom'd, and life was in its spring.
 Not all the splendour of the rich man's train,
 Nor earthly pomp th' immortal soul can save;
 Nor e'en dominion kings themselves detain
 From the dark bosom of the clay-cold grave.
 Ah! vain the trophies of the silent tomb;
 By these no glory to the dead is giv'n;
 Their names die with them in the earth's low womb;
 But His great name's immortal in the Heav'n.
 No pile funereal o'er his grave shall rise,
 But humble green turf mark where Oscar lies.

NEOS.

STANZAS.

CAN the bosom of Feeling e'er wake to regret?
Can the mild eye of Pity its lustre e'er lose?
Can the look of Affection behold and forget
How painful the thorn, though conceal'd by the rose?

Ere the first bud of beauty expands to the ray,
Ere its petals are gemm'd by the dew-drop of spring,
How many a canker that bud may betray,
How many an insect wild Eurus may bring!

Yet the soft heart of woman to heaven is dear,
And recorded above is her life-breathing sigh;
And when to the absent she gives a blest tear,
What a sun-beam of beauty illumines her eye.

Ye faithful, defy Separation's rude gale,
Nor dread that a rival each bliss will destroy,
Every blessing for truth shall its fragrance exhale,
And the finger of bliss weave the chaplet of joy. M.

STANZAS TO ——.

O LADY! though that look of thine
Spake all the charm that lives in thee,
Seeming as Love did there entwine
His fairest wreath of flowers for me,

I sigh'd—and wish'd thy sigh again
Should sweetly whisper to this breast,
To love thee would not sooth be vain,
Whose love should give this heart its rest;

Yet, lady! though thine eye did speak
What youth and innocence might tell;
And though were mantling in thy cheek
Those hues might calm young love as well—

I heard not—though thy voice to me,
 Like melodies of music dear,
 Touch'd those sweet chords so tremblingly,
 Were lingering round my heart too near—

I heard not—or but faint—the spell
 That from thy lips I fain would sever,
 That thou indeed didst “love” me well,
 To make me thine—yes thine for ever!

R. N.

LA MELANCOLIE.

DE ta tige detachée,
 Pauvre feuille dessechée,
 Où va tu? Je n'en sais rien—
 L'orage a brisé le chêne
 Qui seul etait mon soutien,
 De son inconstante haleine,
 Le zéphir au l'Aquilon,
 Depuis ce jour, me proméne
 De la forêt à la plaine,
 De la montagne au vallon—
 Je vais où le vent me mène
 Sans me plaindre, ou m'effrayer,
 Je vais où va toute chose,
 Où va la feuille de rose,
 Et la feuille de laurier.

ANONYME.

MELANCHOLY;—AN IMITATION.

FROM thy parent stem dissever'd,
 Ah! poor leaf, so wan and wither'd!
 Whither dost thou go?
 Alas! I do not know!
 Since the hour the rude storm broke
 My sole support, yon shatter'd oak,
 I am a wanderer! each wayward gale
 Of Zephyr, or the North,
 Now drives me forth—

From the bleak mountain to the vale—
From the tall forest to the plain;
Fearless, I go, nor e'er complain,
But stray where the wind blows,
Without a care or grief,
I go where flies the leaf of yonder rose,
And where the laurel leaf!

Blackheath Road, 25th Jan. 1819.

MARY B.—

SONNET.

OH! it is sweet at eventide to steal
Far from the busy world's tumultuous throng,
Where not a sound disturbs the calm I feel,
Save the lorn nightingale's bewailing song
To softest note attun'd,—when thus alone,
I seem to converse with the sainted shades
Of those I lov'd so dearly, who are gone
Where no unwelcome visitant invades
Their quiet habitation—still the tear
Of fond remembrance glistens on my cheek
For those I've lost—for they indeed were dear,
Dearer than life itself, and where to seek
For such again, I know not—never here!
I look for them in heaven, their native sphere!

* * *

TO A YOUNG LADY,

ON READING HER LINES "TO A ROSE," IN THE LADIES' MONTHLY
MUSEUM FOR AUGUST LAST.

LOVELY fair one! flow'ret gay!
Smiling in life's vernal spring,
Milder than the dawn of day,
Sweeter than the rose you sing!

May the sun your birth that lighted,
Smile on the auspicious morn;
May your beauty ne'er be blighted;
Your life be freed from every thorn.

May the spoiler's cruel pow'r
Never crop your youthful bloom;
May keen winter's frigid hour
Never near your fragrance come.

Oh! all kind pow'r yield you
Bliss and happiness below!
Safely guard, defend, and shield you
From the dear-deceiving foe.

Thus, sans pain, or care, or anguish,
May you pass your time away!
Though, like the rose, you droop and languish,
You shall bloom another day.

Pensherlow-House, Durham.

T. WOOD.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE facts related in the Story of Eliza are highly creditable to the Author; but the association with vice, in order to reclaim an erring sinner, however laudable in itself, requires to be treated with great delicacy, before such a narrative can be admitted into a work exclusively devoted to the fair sex. We would not discourage a first attempt, but the Tale in its present state is inadmissible.

The Wish, Elegiac Stanzas to Miss E. T—r, Mr. J. M. Lacey's Lines to Miss E. W. Blanchard, and other favours, were received too late for insertion in this Number, but shall appear in our next.

The conclusion of Mrs. W. S—s's Novellette is received, and shall be duly attended to.

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Danced by Miss Rose Emma Drummond.
Engraved by J. C. Green, Junr.

Mrs Egerton

In the Character of Madge Wildfire

Pub. April 21st 1819 by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street.